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A Weekly Review of Literature and the Arts

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M. Zola on Daudet

WHEN Alphonse Daudet was buried at the Cemetery of Père-Lachaise, Paris, on Dec. 20, Émile Zola was invited in the name of the family to speak at the grave. The address which follows was delivered on that occasion from the manuscript as printed below. It is the first and only copy, the speech being here published for the first time exactly as it was given. In one of these paragraphs M. Zola tells why he was the only speaker at the funeral. It may be added, by way of further explanation, that he is the last of "the four"—MM. Flaubert, Goncourt, Daudet and Zola—who were closely associated for many years, socially and in literary labor. It will be remembered that Daudet was a victim to locomotor ataxia, which will explain other references in the address.

The manuscript offers a good example of Zola's facility, for it is the first and only draught of his speech. It also well illustrates his inveterate habit, which began with the composition of his first novel and has never been departed from,

of writing out but once every piece of literary work, and of never keeping a copy of it. This manuscript, therefore, like all those which come from Zola's pen, is unique.

PARIS, January, 1898.

THEODORE STANTON.

M. ZOLA'S ADDRESS

Mes mains sont pleines de couronnes, et j'ai des fleurs sans nombre à déposer sur ce tombeau où va dormir Alphonse Daudet, l'ami tendrement aimé, le grand écrivain, le grand romancier, que pleure la patrie française.

Ces fleurs-ci, les premières, ce sont celles de tous ceux qui l'ont connu, approché, qui ont vécu dans son intimité fraternelle. Et il en est qui viennent de loin, de plus de trente années d'amitié sans un nuage, sans un brouille; il en est de moins lointaines, il en est de récentes, car il est allé sans cesse en conquérant les cœurs, le flot de ceux qui l'ont aimé n'a fait que grossir, d'un bout à l'autre de son existence, comme pour lui faire jusqu'ici un loyal cortège.

Ces autres fleurs, ce sont ses lecteurs innombrables qui m'ont chargé de les donner. La gerbe en est immense; elle vient de l'admiration des hommes, de l'enthousiasme des adolescents dont l'intelligence s'ouvre à la vie, de la passion des femmes qui ont frissonné, qui ont pleuré sur tant de pages de pitié et de tendresse. Tout un peuple ravi est là, derrière moi, apportant son émotion, le remerciement de son âme élargie et enchantée.

Et ces palmes, enfin, ces fleurs, et ces verdures d'immortalité ce sont ses pairs, les écrivains qui les envoient, ce sont aussi tous ceux qui distribuent les récompenses en ce monde, les maîtres et les puissants, dont la charge est d'honorer la nation en rendant hommage aux grands hommes. Le talent, le génie n'a pas à être grandi, ni par les honneurs, ni par les acclamations. Le fêter jusque dans la mort, n'est faire qu'une œuvre saine pour la gloire du peuple où il a brûlé comme un phare.

Daudet a été ce qu'il y a de plus rare, de plus charmant, de plus immortel dans une littérature: une originalité exquise et forte, le don même de la vie, de sentir et de rendre, avec une telle intensité personnelle, que les moindres pages écrites par lui garderont la vibration de son âme jusqu'à la fin de notre langue. Et c'est pourquoi il a été un créateur d'êtres, parce qu'il leur donnait le souffle, parce qu'ils en faisaient des vivants, s'agitant dans une atmosphère vivante. Il existe, par le monde, des enfants de lui, de vrais enfants de chair et d'os, nés de sa toute-puissance littéraire, que nous, coudoyons sur les trottoirs, que nous reconnaissions, en les appelant par leurs noms. Et il n'est pas, pour un romancier, de gloire plus grande, de triomphe plus éclatant et plus durable.

Si j'ai été choisi pour rendre ici à Daudet un hommage que je voudrais absolu, définitif, dans un cri unique où je me donnerais tout entier, ce n'est pas seulement parce que je suis le compagnon, l'ami de tant d'années vives côté à côté, c'est surtout parce que je suis un témoin, le dernier qui reste, celui qui peut dire ce que nous pensions de son

œuvre, nous tous dont les œuvres ont grandi près de la sienne.

Des rivaux, ah ! oui, car nous n'avions pas tous les mêmes idées, nous n'avons jamais été enrégimentés. Mais de bons frères d'armes pourtant, voyant clair, faisant à chacun de nous sa part légitime de gloire. Et Daudet a toujours été pour nous l'esprit le plus libre, le plus dégagé des formules, le plus honnête devant les faits. Je l'ai déjà dit ailleurs, il a été le réaliste, respectueux de la vérité moyenne, qu'il se contentait de vivifier du flot intarissable de sa pitié et de son ironie, lorsque nous étions, nous autres, des lyriques plus ou moins déguisés, issus du romantisme. Ce sera son éternel mérite, cet amour apitoyé des humbles, ce rire vainqueur poursuivant les sots et les méchants, tant de bonté et tant de juste satire qui trempent chacun de ses livres d'une humanité frémissante.

Dire ici sa vie, est-ce que chacun ne la connaît pas ? Parler de ses œuvres nombreuses, est-ce qu'elles ne sont pas dans toutes les mémoires ? Il a écrit vingt chef-d'œuvres. Il y a dans "Sapho" une plainte de l'inextinguible passion, qui clamera l'amour aussi longtemps que le Cantique des Cantiques et que "Manon Lescaut." Des pages du "Nabab," de "Numa Roumestan," des "Rois en Exil" sont d'admirables tableaux, des créations intenses, désormais impérissables dans notre littérature. Certains de ses contes surtout resteront d'absolues merveilles, d'une délicatesse de bijoux, d'une solidité de métal précieux, qui sûrement deviendront classique, au sens de parfaits modèles. Et il arrive se fait, lorsque la tombe s'ouvre, c'est que, l'admiration a beau avoir été grande pour l'écrivain vivant, on s'aperçoit qu'on ne l'a point assez admiré, on se sent le besoin d'exalter l'écrivain mort. La perte est si grande, le vide tout d'un coup si béant, qu'aucun écrivain à naître ne semble devoir le combler.

S'il me fallait assigner une place définitive à Daudet, je dirai qu'il a été au premier rang de la phalange sacrée qui a combattu le bon combat de la vérité dans cette seconde moitié du siècle. Ce sera la gloire de ce siècle d'avoir marché à la vérité, par le labeur le plus colossal que jamais siècle ait accompli. Et Daudet a été avec nous tous, parmi les plus braves, les plus hardis; car, il ne faut pas s'y tromper, son œuvre, dans son charme, dans sa douceur, est une de celles qui ont jeté le plus haut le cri de pitié, le cri de justice. Elle fait partie désormais de la vaste enquête continuée par notre génération, elle restera comme un témoignage décisif, la suite solide et logique des documents sociaux que Stendhal et Balzac, que Flaubert et les Goncourts ont laissés.

Et, puisque j'ai nommé ces grands ainés, me permettez-vous, mon cher Léon, vous que j'ai vu presque au berceau, vous si jeune encore et déjà glorieux, me permettez-vous de rappeler un souvenir de votre petite enfance ? Votre imagination passionnée s'éveillait déjà, et lorsque le grand Flaubert, le noble Goncourt, de taille haute, d'allure conquérante, allaient s'asseoir chez vous, à l'amicale et si douce table de famille, vous les regardiez de vos yeux d'enfant extasié, vous demandiez tout bas à votre père : "Ceux-là sont-ils donc des géants ?" Comme si des héros étaient débarqués là, de quelque contrée lointaine et merveilleuse. Et c'étaient en effet des géants, de bons géants, ouvriers de vérité et de

ses larmes sont les nôtres, que toute cette immense foule accourt pleure ses larmes. Il n'y a que des coeurs serrés par l'angoisse, que la patrie française a perdu une de ses gloires, et qu'il dorme donc enfin sa longue sommeil d'immortalité, sous les couronnes et sous les palmes, l'écrivain qui a tout travaillé, l'homme qui a tout souffert, mon frère deux fois sacré par le génie et par la douleur !

Emile Zola

FACSIMILE OF LAST PAGE OF ADDRESS

beauté, et ce sont ces géants que votre père est allé retrouver dans la tombe, aussi grand qu'eux, de même taille par la besogne accomplie, couché dans la même fraternité, dans la même gloire. Nous étions quatre frères; trois sont partis déjà, et je reste seul.

C'est vous que j'embrasse, mon cher Léop, pour moi et pour ceux qui ne sont plus; c'est vous que je charge d'embrasser votre frère Lucien, votre sœur Edmée, de dire à votre admirable mère, la conseillère et l'inspiratrice, que ses larmes sont les nôtres, que toute cette immense foule accourt pleurer ses larmes. Il n'y a ici que des coeurs serrés par l'angoisse. La patrie française a perdu une de ses gloires, et qu'il dorme donc enfin son bon sommeil d'immortalité, sous les couronnes et sous les palmes, l'écrivain qui a tout travaillé, l'homme qui a tout souffert, mon frère deux fois sacré par le génie et par la douleur !

EMILE ZOLA.

TRANSLATION OF THE ADDRESS

My hands are full of wreaths, and I have innumerable flowers to lay on this tomb where will sleep Alphonse Daudet, the tenderly loved friend, the great writer, the great novelist, mourned by the French nation.

These first flowers come from those who knew him, who approached him, who lived in his brotherly intimacy—his early friends of more than thirty years' standing, without a cloud, without a quarrel. Others are of more recent date, some even but of yesterday, for he was ever winning hearts. The multitude of those who loved him kept growing throughout his life, until here to-day they form, as it were, a royal retinue.

Other flowers I am charged to place here in the name of his countless readers. The sheaf is immense. It comes from the admiration of men, from the enthusiasm of youth whose minds are just opening to life, from the passionate nature of women who have been thrilled by, and have wept over, those many pages filled with pity and tenderness. A whole enraptured people is there, behind me, bearing its emotions, and the thanks of its swelling and enchanted soul.



M. ZOLA

THE NEW YORK WORLD

And finally these palms, these buds and branches of immortality, are sent by his peers, the writers; and those who distribute rewards in this world, the masters and the strong, whose office it is to honor the nation by paying homage to great men. But talent and genius cannot be increased by honors and acclamations. To celebrate them even unto death is, however, a noble task, to the glory of a people among whom he shone as a beacon-light.

Daudet possessed what is most rare, most charming, most immortal in literature: an exquisite and powerful originality, the best gift of life, that of feeling and expressing with an intensity so personal, that the slightest pages from his pen will preserve the vibration of his soul so long as our tongue exists.

And this is why his creations have a real being. He gave them breath and life and made them to move in a living atmosphere. Thus the world is full of children of his fancy, real children of flesh and blood, born of his literary power, whom we rub up against on the sidewalks, whom we recognize and call by name. This is the greatest of a novelist's glories, the most signal and lasting of his triumphs.

If I have been chosen to render here to Daudet a homage which I wish could be complete and final, a single utterance into which I would put my whole soul, it is not only because I was his companion and the friend of so many years passed side by side, but because I am a witness, the last that remains,

who can declare what we thought of his work, those of us whose own productions have developed along with his. It is true that we were rivals, for we did not all hold the same ideas, we were never shut up within a coterie. But we were, all the same, excellent brothers in arms, clear-sighted and conceding to each his legitimate share of glory. To us Daudet always appeared to have a most liberal mind, to be quite untrammeled by formulas, and so honest in matters of fact. I have always said elsewhere that he was a realist, a respecter of the average truth of things, which he was satisfied to vivify with the inexhaustible flood of his pity and his irony, while the rest of us were more or less disguised lyric authors, sprung from romanticism. His lasting merit will be that tender love for the lowly, that irresistible laugh which pursued the foolish and the wicked, that large fund of goodness and honest satire which give to every one of his books a vibrating humanity.

Is it necessary to repeat here the history of his life so well known to everybody, or to dwell on his numerous writings which are in the minds of all? He is the author of twenty masterpieces. There is in "Sapho" a plaint of the inextinguishable passion which will acclaim love as long as the "Song of Songs" and "Manon Lescaut." Some of the pages of "Nabab," "Numa Roumestan" and "Kings in Exile" are admirable pictures, intense creations, which will henceforth be imperishable in our literature. Certain tales of his will especially be looked upon as veritable wonders, with their delicacy of jewels and their solidity of precious metal. They will surely become classic—that is, perfect models. Thus it happens on the verge of the grave, that, though the living writer may have been greatly admired, it is found that he has not been sufficiently praised, and so the dead writer is exalted. The loss is felt to be so serious, the void so immense, that no budding author seems capable of filling it.

If I had to assign a definite place to Daudet, I should say that he stood in the front rank of the sacred phalanx that fought the good fight for truth in this second half of the century. It will be the glory of this century to have attained to truth through the most colossal labor that has ever been known.

And Daudet was one of us, among the bravest and boldest of us all; for it must not be forgotten that his work, by its charm and its sweetness, is one of those which has spoken the loudest for pity and justice. Henceforth it forms a part of that vast inquiry carried on by our generation, and will be considered a decisive witness, the solid and logical continuation of the social contributions left by Stendhal and Balzac, Flaubert and the Goncourts.

And now that I have named these great elders, will you permit me, my dear Léon, you, whom I saw almost in the cradle, you who are still so young and so glorious, to recall an incident of your childhood? Your passionate imagination was already awakened, and when the great Flaubert, the noble Goncourt, tall of stature and of heroic mien, sat down at your friendly, gentle family board, you stared at them with your childish eyes in ecstasy, and then asked in an undertone of your father: "Are those men there giants?" as if a band of demigods had landed from some remote and mysterious shore. And they were indeed giants, good giants, laborers

for truth and beauty, and it is those giants whom your father has gone to meet in the tomb, he as great as they, measured by the same work well done, belonging to the same fraternity, sharing in the same glory. We were four brothers. Three have already gone before, and I alone remain.

I embrace you, my dear Léon, for myself and for the absent, and beg you to embrace your brother Lucien and your sister Edmée, and to say to your admirable mother, the adviser and inspirer, that her tears are ours, that this whole immense concourse weeps with her. Here all hearts are heavy with anguish. The French nation has lost one of its glories. Then let him sleep at last his good sleep of immortality, under wreaths and palms,—this writer who has worked so hard, this man who has suffered so much,—my brother, doubly hallowed by genius and pain.

ÉMILE ZOLA.

"Lewis Carroll"

WHEN, the other day, we were all reading the much-disussed list of *The Academy's* Academy, there were probably some, of a disposition supposed to be gravely serious, who were inclined to cavil at the inclusion of "Lewis Carroll's" name. It would have been quite useless to argue with such people. "You don't know much," the Duchess once said to Alice, "and that's a fact." Such would have had to be one's line of comment, whether they liked it or not—and it is on record that Alice did not much like the tone of the remark. One's only real feeling of incongruity about the appearance of Mr. Dodgson's name in the distinguished company comes from the fact that the "Alice" books have been such an institution for years, so much on a level with trial by jury and the Greek syntax, that it did seem to come with something of a shock to realize that their creator was still going about among men, even at the age of sixty-four.

After all, though, it did not so much matter what one realized about this genial humorist, who passed away last week. The books were the thing, the substantive fact; and that "Alice" should have run by this time into the hundred thousand is of more importance to the future of the race than that we should have known much about the kindly old Senior Student of Christ Church,

"Whose thoughts were full of indices and surds."

He was an Oxford man through and through; the masterpiece itself is said to have been composed for the delectation of Dean Liddell's little daughters: and there are awestruck whispers which hint that certain very august personages in the University sat as unconscious models for some of its characters. Many of the author's unpublished sayings are current there, deliciously humorous of course, but perhaps of too subtly academic a flavor to bear general reproduction.

Leaving aside "The Hunting of the Snark," which is on one sustained level of excellence, and not venturing to say anything of his serious mathematical works, reputed to be educationally valuable, it is, after all, by the two "Alice" books that he will be forever known. "Sylvie and Bruno" opens bravely. The mob shouting for less bread and more taxes, the Professor's ingenious provision for a daily plunge-bath, seem to show that the author was wrong when he wrote that it would be courting disaster for him to attempt that

style again; but the "new path," of something suspiciously like "purpose-fiction," through which a good part of the book takes us, leaves us uncomfortably cold.

But "Alice"! And we do not mean the little girl herself, about whom the whole phantasmagoria revolves. Humpty Dumpty saw her weakness when he complained, "I shouldn't know you again if we did meet—you're so exactly like other people;" and as Stevenson wrote of "The Vicomte de Bragelonne," "I may be said to have passed the best years of my life in these six volumes, and my acquaintance with Raoul has never gone beyond a bow," so most of us, perhaps, merely tolerate Alice for the sake of the company into which she introduces us. Of that we shall never grow weary; and name after name of those friends is so dear and familiar among well brought-up people as to need no specific mention here. There is a whole philosophy of life within the old dark red covers. If a motto were chosen for "Wonderland," nothing could be so apt as Oxenstiern's "Videbis, fili mi, quantulā sapientiā mundus regitur"; and there is perhaps no book, after the two which are recorded to have helped Mr. Max Beerbohm—Shakespeare and the Bible,—which supplies so many fitting quotations for every circumstance of our complex modern life. And, though Lewis Carroll has "left off dreaming about" them, there is no fear that his beloved creations will "go out—bang!—just like a candle."

"Children yet, the tale to hear,
Eager eye and willing ear,
Lovingly shall nestle near,"

and we larger children, tired of finding men and women "so exactly like other people," shall find unceasing refreshment in the untrammeled fancy, in the kindly humor and the keen insight of a book which has already taken its place among the classics.

A. I. DU PONT COLEMAN.

The following were published under the name of Lewis Carroll:—"Alice in Wonderland," 1865; "Phantasmagoria," 1869; "Through the Looking-Glass," 1872; "The Hunting of the Snark," 1876; "Doublets," 1879; "An Easter Greeting," 1880; "Rhyme and Reason," 1883; "Christmas Greetings," 1884; "A Tangled Tale," 1885; "Alice's Adventures Under Ground," being a reproduction of the manuscript book from which "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" was developed, 1886; "The Game of Logic," 1887; "Sylvie and Bruno," 1889; "The Nursery Alice," 1890; "Sylvie and Bruno, Concluded," 1893; "Symbolic Logic," 1896. The following books were published under the author's real name, Charles Lutwidge Dodgson: "An Elementary Treatise on Determinants," 1867; "The Formulae of Plane Trigonometry," "Euclid and His Modern Rivals," 1879; "Euclid, Books I and II," 1882; "Lawn-Tennis Tournaments," 1883; "Curiosa Mathematica," 1888. It is related that when "Alice" was published, Queen Victoria read it, was much pleased with it, ordered that the author's next work should be brought to her, and the response to this command was "An Elementary Treatise on Determinants"!

We clip the appended reference to Mr. Dodgson from an article on Oxford celebrities contributed to *Harper's Monthly*, some years since, by Miss Ethel M. Arnold:—"It is, perhaps, not generally known that Oxford is the home of 'Lewis Carroll,' the author of 'Alice in Wonderland,' the queen of nonsense books. He is a senior student of Christ Church, and was for many years mathematical lecturer to the college, but retired from this latter post some few years

ago, in order to devote himself more unreservedly to literary work. As might be gathered from his books, he is a genuine lover of children, and his beautiful suite of rooms in the northwest corner of Wolsey's great quadrangle, looking over St. Aldgate's, were at one time a veritable children's paradise. Never did rooms contain so many cupboards, and never did cupboards contain such endless stores of fascinating things. Musical boxes, mechanical performing bears, picture-books, innumerable toys of every description, came forth in bewildering abundance before the child's astonished eyes; no wonder, then, that in childish years a day spent with 'Lewis Carroll' was like a glimpse into a veritable El Dorado of innocent delights! For many years he was a considerable amateur photographer, and amused himself by taking his little friends in all sorts of odd and fanciful costumes, till his albums became filled with Japanese boys and girls, beggar-maids in picturesque tatters, or Joans of Arc in glittering armor. The smell of the collodion he used to pour on to the negative, his small 'subjects' watching him open-mouthed the while, lingers in the memory still, and the sight of the box in the dark room which used to be pulled out for them to stand upon, in order that they might watch more comfortably the mysterious process of 'developing,' served not long ago to remind one at least of his quondam child friends, humorously if a little painfully, of the flight of time."

Literature

"The Interest of America in Sea Power"

Present and Future. By A. T. Mahan. Little, Brown & Co.

THIS IS A collection of detached papers issued by the author at intervals during the past few years; and, although written without special reference, one to the other, there is yet a unity of purpose and a continuity of action throughout, which impart to the series something of the character of a treatise on the general subject under discussion. As the several articles appeared from time to time in one or another of the leading magazines, they are, no doubt, more or less familiar to most of our readers. It will be unnecessary, therefore, to notice them in detail. While acknowledging the additional debt the distinguished author has placed us under, by gathering them together in one volume, we cannot but express regret that he had not summed up his conclusions in an additional article. The series appeared in the following order:—"The United States Looking Outward," 1890; "Hawaii, and our Future Sea Power" and "The Isthmus and Sea Power," 1893; "Possibilities of an Anglo-American Reunion," 1894; "The Future in Relation to American Naval Power," 1895; "Preparedness for War," "A Twentieth-Century Outlook" and "Strategic Features of the Caribbean Sea and Gulf of Mexico," 1897.

In their entirety these papers are a strong plea for a navy adequate to our present and prospective needs, and the assurance of peace and prosperity. This plea is put forth with an amplitude of illustration, drawn from historical precedents, and a cogency of reasoning that cannot fail of carrying conviction to the minds of thoughtful readers. The surplus of population of the countries of Europe, the idle capital, unprofitable investment and activities stimulated by ever-increasing competition have led to a general revival of schemes of colonization and mercantile enterprise. Distant colonial possessions, or the reaching out to acquire such possessions, and an enlarged mercantile marine, demand in turn an enlarged military marine to safeguard the ocean highways, to hold the more important strategic points, and stand guard on the frontiers of civilization. The United States, in common with the rest of the world, has become infected by this spirit of unrest. It finds itself impelled by a variety of causes to look beyond its own borders, and yield to what the author terms the "outward impulse." No longer the narrow strip, hemmed in between the Atlantic

and the vast unknown wilderness of the west, as in the days when our fathers shaped a policy suited to a remote and new-born nation, the United States has now taken its place among the leading powers of the world, and its influence is felt and acknowledged. It occupies, however, a singularly advantageous position between the highly civilized states of western Europe, and the ancient civilizations of the extreme east, now awakened, or awakening, from their long lethargy, and inviting increase of commercial intercourse.

These vastly changed conditions necessitate a revision of our time-honored policy, and impose new duties and consequent responsibilities. To perform the one, to accept the other, and to adjust our forces, moral and material, to a broader and more comprehensive policy, a navy commensurate with the interests involved and the field of its action, is shown to be indispensable.

But the author has allowed the views of the naval strategist to dominate those of the political economist. There is a weak link in his chain of reasoning. From the days of ancient Tyre, the birthplace of commerce and navigation, the scepter of the seas has been wielded, successively, by states grown opulent through ocean commerce. Sea power, in its military sense, is the offspring, not the parent, of commerce. Ships and seamen multiply with the extension of traffic with distant lands. The development of the military marine follows, inevitably, the growth of the commercial marine, just as effect follows cause. The author quotes with approval a saying of Mr. Blaine's, that "it is not an ambitious destiny for so great a country as ours to manufacture only what we can consume, or produce only what we can eat." Happily, that charge has long ceased to be true. "The commerce of the United States has already expanded to all quarters of the globe." The products of American labor—those of the manufacturer and of the agriculturist alike—are becoming more and more in demand in foreign markets. England has found us a formidable rival in certain classes of manufactured articles which were not very long since exclusively her own. The travelling American finds, everywhere, evidences of American ingenuity and enterprise. But, unhappily—and here is the weak link to which we have alluded—our exports and imports, instead of being carried in American ships, a policy which would greatly promote "The Interests of America in Sea Power Present and Future," are carried in British ships. We thus contribute liberally to the maintenance of British sea power. We are paying millions of dollars annually to England for carrying out our own produce and bringing back the return cargoes in exchange—paying a foreign country for doing our own carrying trade, to our great detriment as a sea power. In 1651 was passed the English navigation act called the "Charta Marinetima" of England. The operation of that act was a blow aimed at Holland; the Dutch, at that time, having a monopoly of the carrying trade of the world. England enjoys that monopoly now, and is secure in her enjoyment of it, not so much by reason of her own navigation laws, as by the navigation laws on our statute books, which fail to encourage the commercial activities of our own people. It is obvious that as long as we contribute so generously towards the support of England's sea power, just so long shall we retard the development of our own.

Having no mercantile marine to speak of, we cannot reasonably hope for more than a mere nucleus of a navy. Without the power to hold strategic points beyond the seas, they become elements of weakness. An isthmian canal would be constructed by American money for England's commerce, and the Sandwich and Danish West Indian Islands, transferred to the American flag, would be held only during peace. Once involved in war, they would be wrested from us by a stronger power. Such is our "Preparedness for Naval War"—a policy of withholding the principal constituent of sea power. Such is the "Twentieth Century Out-

look," the continuance of that policy. It is not a very exalted line of conduct for a great nation. And yet it has its compensations. By yielding to England our own carrying trade, we gain her good-will, render possible an "Anglo-American reunion," and secure her acquiescence in a paper Monroe Doctrine. That, surely, is something. The author has, indeed, referred in various places to ocean commerce, but has not given it due prominence as a factor of sea power. He rather couples it with naval power. Thus, on page 124:—"Control of the sea by maritime commerce and naval supremacy means predominant influence in the world," etc. He has shown, more by implication, that merchant shipping is a constituent of sea power. But in dealing with that, the main question in its relation to the United States, he has not given, in the work under consideration, the weight it merits, to that first great step in the course of preparation for war. Both from a military and an economic view, an extensive marine commerce is of primal necessity to a country aspiring to become a naval power.

There is a certain amount of repetition in these articles. But this we find far from objectionable. There are fundamental principles in the science of statecraft so nearly affecting the highest and dearest interests of the people, that they cannot be too often urged or too variously illustrated. The book furnishes abundant food for thought, not to the general reader alone, but to the statesman and legislator as well.

"The Invisible Man"

By H. G. Wells. *Edward Arnold.*

IF THE PEOPLE one meets on the street, and talks with, and walks with, were half as real as the Invisible Man, the world would be an entertaining place. He arrives one wintry day "early in February through a biting wind and a driving snow," "carrying a little black portmanteau in his thickly-gloved hand." In the third chapter, to be sure, Mr. Wells sees fit to change it to "the twenty-ninth day of February, at the beginning of the thaw." But one does not expect consistency in either invisible men or their creators. For artistic purposes, early February and a driving snow storm harmonize better with the little black portmanteau than the beginning of the thaw. We elect to believe that the stranger arrived in early February.

We feel sure that Mr. Wells—except for a slip of the pen—would have held to the more artistic date, even at the expense of truth. The Invisible Man bristles with art. On his first appearance "He was wrapped up from head to foot and the brim of his soft felt hat hid every inch of his face but the shiny tip of his nose." Even the dullest reader must have a suspicion of that shining tip of a nose, even though he does not at first glance know it for a false one. Mr. Wells takes care that the reader shall, at every step, know just enough and not too much to hold his attention unflagging up to the last pages of the last chapter when "there lay, naked and pitiful on the ground, the bruised and broken body of a young man about thirty. 'Cover his face!' said a man. 'For Gawd's sake, cover that face!' and three little children pushing forward through the crowd were suddenly twisted round and sent packing off again."

If Poe had never written "The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar," or "The Fall of the House of Usher," or "The Masque of Red Death," Mr. Wells's work might rank him higher as an artist than it is likely to do now. Dr. Conan Doyle has made a fortune from his stories, we understand, which is only another way of saying that his versions of the detective stories of Edgar Allan Poe have been very popular. It is more than possible that like good fortune may attend Mr. Wells's efforts, and that he will glean from the supernatural side of Poe's work as rich a harvest as Dr. Doyle has gathered from the analytic. It only remains for some discerning critic to make a fortune out of his critical method. As for Poe himself, he could easily have given odds to any three men of talent. There is little doubt that he was some-

thing of a rascal. He died a pauper, in a public hospital. But first, last and always, he knew himself for an artist of the first rank, an original man.

"The Life of Ernest Renan"

By Mme James Darmesteter. *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

ERNEST RENAN was born in 1823, in one of those still thoroughly Breton cities that seem, as Gabriel Monod has said, huge monasteries in the shadow of the cathedral. It was unquestionably to his Celtic forbears and to his early life in Brittany that he owed the main characteristics of his nature—his artistic imagination and his religious idealism. Renan was educated to be a priest, and in being so educated he studied philosophy, philology and textual criticism. In the course of time he came to perceive what seemed to him the unscientific character and hollowness of Catholic theology. Only after a severe moral struggle did he decide to renounce a clerical career. The outer world repelled, even frightened, him, while the calm and leisure offered to the priest attracted his contemplative and studious nature. Strengthened by his able sister Henriette—the story of whose love for Renan forms one of the purest idylls of the century,—he definitely gave up the idea of becoming a priest. Soon thereafter he began his long series of works on philology, philosophy and religious history. Thenceforth his life was one of study, writing and teaching, in each of which he met with unparalleled success, until he became the literary and intellectual head of France. This despite the fact that he made no great discovery in philology, archaeology or exegesis. Above all, he was an historian, writing profound erudition with a wonderful ability to bring the past to life again. In fact, his imagination was too exuberant, for it led him occasionally to conclusions that a strictly scientific historiography cannot countenance. In addition, Renan is one of the greatest prose-writers France has ever had. His simple, pure, picturesque style brought great popularity to his work. It seems paradoxical to say that the author of the *Life of Jesus* was intensely religious. He was a spiritualist and an idealist. He never opposed religion, but believed it to be the greatest force in the world. What he did not believe in was the dominant theology, whether pagan, Jewish or Christian. Though mentally an agnostic, psychically Renan was a deist. Religious questions seemed to him the most vital of all questions, and religion was the object of his life's study.

The English poet, Mary Robinson, has excellent qualifications for writing a life of Renan. She has the fullest sympathy with his deeply religious nature, with his great literary gifts and, from her husband, the famous Orientalist, James Darmesteter, she acquired the wherewithal to appreciate Renan's scientific attainments. In reality, her book is not so much a life of Renan as a study of individual psychology. We learn nothing new about Renan's outer life from her, nor does she explain to the reader what position Renan occupies in the histories of thought and science. But she does give us a charming picture of the development of his mind and character. She has used to great advantage Renan's intimate letters already published, his "Sœur Henriette" and his "Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jennesse," and has supplemented this material by an intimate personal acquaintance with the Renan family. Mme. Darmesteter's style—one of the greatest attractions of the book—is wholly her own; it combines grace and poetry of expression with great strength. She is at her best in the beautiful description of Breton character and scenery which opens the book. Her poetical training shows, however, in the lack of syntax in some sentences, and in the odd use of a number of words. Some of the latter are worth mentioning. "They have small share in that Latin order, which is the birthright of a Bossuet." Again, "He was in terms of intimacy—almost of unction—with the Abbé Gratry." Later, we have again from her pen, "He compelled a mass of documents."

The only thing that mars her work are a few irrelevant personalities in one chapter of the book. She writes (p. 249):—"I remember one afternoon, when we were in mourning and my husband ill, how he walked quickly into our little salon, embraced James," etc. A few pages further on we read:—"M. Renan and I were born on the same day—at an interval of some five-and-thirty years."

"Christianity and Idealism"

The Christian Ideal of Life in its Relations to the Greek and Jewish Ideals and to Modern Philosophy. By John Watson, LL.D. New edition, with Additions. The Macmillan Co.

THE DIFFERENCE between the second and the first edition of Prof. Watson's work consists principally in the addition of three chapters, one showing the inadequacy of materialism to explain the world, another setting forth the place of the evolutionary theory in a system of idealism, and the third pointing out the distinction between human progress and the lower stages in the process of natural development. In a word, his whole argument goes to demonstrate that there is a spiritual principle in the world, and that this principle is the ultimate reality by which and through which alone the world and life are intelligible. That they are intelligible, Prof. Watson, following the demonstration of Dr. Bradley in his "Appearance and Reality," does not doubt.

Our author's attitude toward the external world appears to be that of the late T. H. Green—namely, that our intelligence is not a result of nature; because this would be the same as saying that what alone makes nature possible is the result of nature. Neither, on the other hand, is nature the result of our intelligence. Consequently, we conclude that both have one source. In this case, the dualism of nature and knowledge vanishes. The additional pages intercalated in the final chapter are devoted to discussing the self-consciousness of the absolute. The difficulty which arises from affirming that the absolute is self-complete, while inconceivably separable from any form of finite being, and yet that the finite has no independent existence, Prof. Watson solves by the doctrine of the Holy Spirit. He differs from Green in assigning individuality to finite things—finite living beings. Green was never consistent in saying that there is but one Individual. Prof. Watson seems to think that, should he deny individuality to a man, he would implicitly deny a man's reality, and fall into pantheism. Obviously, this need not be the necessary conclusion.

The criticism previously made in these columns at the time of the publication of the first edition of this work, still stands unsatisfied. It is the objection that this presentation of Christianity is too brief and of Idealism too long. While it is quite true that such a presentation of Christianity is best made in the terms of the Evangelists, a more extended account of Christ and his teachings in relation to the questions raised in the philosophical discussion would be useful. Besides, since Prof. Watson believes in the development of theologic thought under the guidance of the Spirit of God, some account of the historical development of Christian thought might well find place here. From this and from some other books recently written, it seems possible that the revived Hegelianism at Oxford is bound to play an important part in the drama of modern philosophic religious thought. Prof. Watson's book, as we have already said, is important and valuable. It deserves careful study and the appreciation of thoughtful men, lay and clerical. With all its limitations and inequalities it is an excellent restatement of Green's philosophy, with some applications of the same to the religious thought of the Christian Church.

Mr. Joaquin Miller's publishers write us that they have not heard from the poet for three months. All they know of him is that he climbed the Chilkoot Pass and shot the White Horse Rapids. At present he is supposed to be on a little steamer frozen fast in the Yukon River.

"History of Dogma"

By Dr. Adolph Harnack. Trans. from the third German edition by Neil Buchanan. Vol. III. Roberts Bros.

THE FIRST SECTION of Prof. Harnack's "Dogmengeschichte" is concluded in this volume of the translation, and the second begun. The reader gathers from the first part of the book that with Athanasius the rational period of Christian theologic thought was closed. Is this entirely true? Gregory of Nyssa and John of Damascus in the east, Augustine, Abelard and Eugen in the west, thought with some freedom. Indeed, the scholastics, especially the Nominalists, were free thinkers, free as Athanasius; so also were Eckhart, Ruysbroeck and their school. The first part of Dr. Harnack's work treats of the origin of ecclesiastical dogma and the second of the development of the tradition of the Church. While to some extent the origin and development of Christian dogma may be justly treated as treated here—that is, as the setting-forth of certain concepts and their subsequent logical or illogical development of the same from within,—yet it is only fair to take notice of those foreign elements which from the first entered the stream of Christian theologic thought and fouled its waters. Philosophy came from Greece and law from Rome, and they both entered the great stream of Christian thought and colored it. There was a still further source of contamination of Christian doctrine, and that was the survival of myths and folk-lore in the minds of the recipients of Christian teaching. A most striking, romantic and mystical instance of this will be found in the interaction of the legend of the Holy Grail and the dogma of the Holy Eucharist. It verily seems like presumption to complain of Prof. Harnack, the greatest living historian of dogma; nevertheless, it does seem to the writer that custom and folk-lore have been powerful forces, not yet spent, in the development of Christian dogma, and that historians of Christian doctrine have rather neglected the due consideration of the same.

A New-Old Classic

The Poems of Bacchylides. British Museum.

THE world is not so rich in classics that it should fail to rejoice at the recovery of the poems of Bacchylides, just published by the British Museum under the editorship of Dr. Frederic G. Kenyon. Twenty poems, making a total of a little more than a thousand lines, may seem a trifle to some who are thinking of the thousands of volumes tumbling from our presses, but nevertheless the recovery of so much of the work of this great Greek lyrst is decidedly the most important find made in many years. Its effect must be a reawakening of interest in the much berated classics, by supplying the demand for "something new"—even though that "something" is twenty-five hundred years old. The poems are new to the modern world, because they have been lost since the year 500. Bacchylides wrote during the fifth century B. C., being a cotemporary, and at times a competitor, of Pindar.

The copy of the Odes now brought to light was made about 50 B. C., as nearly as can be determined by the character of the hand appearing in the papyrus-roll. Dr. Kenyon states that the papyrus was found in Egypt by some of the natives and then acquired by the British Museum. When brought thither it consisted of two hundred pieces varying in size from strips twenty inches long and four and a half columns wide, to bits bearing but one or two letters. These were joined together, forming three sections of the roll, measuring altogether fourteen feet nine inches. It appears that a part of the roll was not found, but that which was discovered and put together contained twenty poems, the shortest of which was fourteen lines in length, the longest two hundred.

These odes differ widely from those of Pindar, not so much in form as in style and language. It had been supposed, judging from the Pindaric odes; that complexity was a necessary quality in Greek lyrical poetry, but Bacchylides disproves this altogether by the simplicity and directness of his compositions. In several instances we now have odes by Bacchylides and Pindar written for the same occasion, affording an opportunity for a comparison between the two, of which classical scholars will not be slow to avail themselves. But besides the fourteen "epinikian" odes

composed in honor of the victors at the Isthmian, Nemean and Olympic games, we have six paens or hymns, the only perfect specimens of these purely lyrical compositions that have been found.

In the epinikian odes is found a skilful use of Greek, with spirited descriptions of the games and their victors. Bacchylides may not be as original as Pindar, but he is more lucid and at times most vivid. He is profoundly patriotic, citing as special praise of Lachon (a victor at Olympia) that he "gave Ceos fame," and in the second ode he bids Fame "bear to holy Ceos news of Melas' victory" at Nemea. Bacchylides was a native of the island of Ceos, hence his enthusiasm. In the third ode he gives us a new legend about Croesus, claiming that instead of being burned on the pyre by his conqueror, he himself built the pyre before his palace, ascended it with his wife and daughters and reproaching the gods for their ingratitude in permitting the Persians to take his capital, ordered the pyre to be lighted. Zeus, however, sent a great storm which extinguished the flames and Apollo bore him off to live in peace among the happy Hyperboreans. The chief interest centres, however, in the hymns. These are dramatic, picturesque, impressionist in style. They are devoid of the formal character of the epinikian odes, freer in movement up to the climax, when the odes abruptly end. The fifteenth offers what might be termed a living picture of Menelaus about to plead for justice at the hand of the Trojans, Menelaus comes to the agora, the Trojans are assembled, he stands forth to speak—and the poem closes. It is a new method, doubtless to be immediately imitated by some of our versifying novelty-seekers. If they succeed as well as Bacchylides does, no one will object; but will they?

Limitations of space prevent a full discussion of all these remarkable lyrics; but the seventeenth is so interesting, in many ways, that it should be touched upon, at least. It is the longest (132 lines), the best preserved and the most dramatic of this group. It bears the title, "The Youths and Theseus," and contains a new version of the Minotaur legend, explaining for the first time the paintings upon two famous vases, the cylix of Euphranorus in the Louvre and the great amphora of Clitias and Ergotimus at Florence (the François vase). The opening lines of this ode are reproduced here both in the original uncial characters of the papyrus, and in modern Greek as arranged by the editor.

HΙΘΕΟΙ [ΚΑΙ] ΘΗΣΕΤΣ.

ΚΥΑΝΟΠΡΩΡΑΜ[.]ΝΝΑΥCΜΕΝΕΚΤΥ[
ΘΗΣΕΔΙCΕΠΠ[.]ΤΑΓΛΛΟΥCΑΓΟΥСА
ΚΟΥΡΟΥСТАЛОНВ[.]
КРHTИКОНТАМНЕНПЕЛАГОС·
5 ΤΗΛУГЕГАР[.]ΦАРЕI
ВОРНІАПІТНО[.]ЯУРАI
КАУТАСЕКАТИП[.]ЛЕМАГІДОСАΘАН[
КНІСЕНТ. МІНІСКЕА
ІМЕРАМ.. КОСЧЕА
10 КУПРИДО АДО[.]А·

κυανοπρωρα μ[έ]ν ναῦς, μενέκτυ[πον] στρ. α.
Θησέα διε ἐπτ[ά] τ αγλαοὺς ἄγουστα
κούρους ἱαόνω[ν],
Κρητικὸν τάμυε πέλαγος
τηλαυγέτι γὰρ [ἐν] φάρει
Βορῆιαι πίτρο[ν] αὐραι
κλυτᾶς ἔκατι π[ο]λεμαίγιδος Ἀθάν[ας].
κνίσεν τε Μίνωι κέαρ
ιμ[ερ]άμ[πν]κος θεας
Κύπριδο[ς αἰν]ὰ δωρα.

It was performed by a Cean chorus (according to a reference in the poem), perhaps, as Dr. Kenyon suggests, on the occasion of a deputation being sent from Ceos to attend an Athenian

festival. It opens with the "Twice seven beautiful" youths and maidens on board the "dark-proved ship steadfast in battle-din" with Theseus going from Athens with Minos. The captives are to be offered to the Minotaur, but Minos takes a fancy to one of the maidens, who appeals to Theseus for protection. Theseus interferes and Minos accepts his challenge. The latter offers to prove his own divine origin by a sign from Zeus and defies Theseus to establish his descent from the sea-gods by bringing up from the depths of the sea a ring, which he casts overboard, Zeus responds to his son's prayer by a flash of lightning, and Theseus promptly springs into the sea. Minos rejoices, thinking that he is rid of his rival; but Theseus is borne by dolphins to the halls of Amphitrite, where he is given the ring, a robe and a chaplet. He then returns triumphant, reappearing by the side of the ship to the exultation of his companions and the confusion of Minos, depicted upon the François vase. Here the poem ends with an address to Apollo.

There can be no doubt that in the poems of Bacchylides we have really recovered a classic.

"The History of Mankind"

By Prof. Friederich Ratzel. Translated from the second German edition by A. J. Butler, M. A. Vol. II. The Macmillan Co.

THE SECOND VOLUME of Prof. Ratzel's popular anthropology fills one with mingled pleasure and regret—as did the first. The same abundance of material, the same disorder, the same insularity of treatment as characterized the earlier volume are here. Seldom is credit given to other workers in the same field. This volume treats of the cultured races of America, the Arctic races, and the Africans. The geographical area implied contains the greater part of contemporary primitive culture. Both for the inductive study of the Americans, and for the illustration of their culture, Prof. Ratzel was not favorably located; but no museums have richer stores of African folk material than those of Germany, and in especial the Ethnographical Museum of Berlin, which for most purposes is admirably classified. Consequently the African section of this book is superior to the American. Could the author have availed himself of the collections in the National Museum at Washington, D. C.; had he made thorough use of the publications of the United States Bureau of Ethnology, the best of their kind in the world; had the works of our leading Americanist, Dr. D. G. Brinton, been more familiar to him, his book would have been the more valuable. Relative to the possible extinction of the North American Indian, he rightly assigns it in part to economic causes. Is there not some evidence that the dying-out of tribes began before the immigration of the Europeans? The empires of Peru and Mexico were toppling on the verge of ruin when the Spaniards appeared. In short, the space given to the description of the native American culture is too small to permit of adequate treatment. We have hardly more than an outline somewhat inaccurately drawn.

More than half the volume is given to a description of the African peoples. Here is room for ethnological disputation. Prof. Ratzel has a right to his own theories of the African racial interrelations. It is gratifying to find that he recognizes that the primitive culture of Africa has more than once, and in more than one spot, undergone disintegration and rerudescence. Due recognition of the remarkable qualities of intellect and character of many persons of the African tribes we are gratified to find. The negro religious concepts have not yet received careful attention, in accordance with scientific method. A comparative study of the myths and folk-lore of Africa has convinced the writer that the African idea of God is neither as crude nor as formless as Ratzel and many others have asserted. The negro has in more than one instance shown himself to be capable of a high degree of spirituality, both in thought and life. We must not be misled by the clumsy and grotesque forms of their religious expression. It would probably be as unjust to take some of the Christian hymns and allegories—even theologies—literally, as to take literally the African fetishes, sacred dances and myths. The peculiar anthropological theories of the author do not characterize to any extent the contents of this volume. Since Africa has always been known and accessible to the rest of the world, its inhabitants may at all times have been influenced by foreign culture. One of the problems of anthropology is to show why these external influences produced so little result. This point Prof. Ratzel does not here broach. We await the next volume with interest, in order to read his conclusions.

New Books and New Editions

"SPECIMENS of the Pre-Shakesperian Drama," edited by Prof. J. M. Moaly of Brown University, is a new issue in the Athenæum Press Series, and the first of three volumes to be devoted to the subject. It begins with fragments illustrating the early liturgical tropes and plays in Latin and English. These are followed by samples of the Norwich, Coventry, Chester and other Whitsun plays, the York Corpus Christi plays, the Hegge, Townley, and Brome plays, all on scriptural themes; Robin Hood and St. George plays; five "moralities;" Heywood's "The Foure Pp;" and Bale's "Kynge Johan." These, with introduction, notes, and glossary, make a volume of nearly 650 pages. It is a valuable addition to the limited educational literature in this particular field of collegiate study.—"SELECTIONS from Sir Thomas Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*," edited by Prof. W. E. Mead of Wesleyan University, is another volume of the Athenæum Press Series. The text is that of Caxton's edition of 1485, as reprinted by Sommer. The notes are brief but sufficient, and "not primarily linguistic," the "*Morte d'Arthur*" being chiefly valuable "as a noble piece of literature." The glossary includes all words likely to be unfamiliar to the modern reader or student. Prof. Kittredge of Harvard contributes some valuable matter to the introduction and the notes. (Ginn & Co.)



"PRACTICAL HINTS for Young Writers, Readers and Book-buyers," by Mr. F. L. Knowles, is true to its title. In less than seventy-five pages it condenses a large amount of useful information and instruction on the subjects of which it professes to treat. The author is evidently a school teacher, but his hints and suggestions are remarkably free from pedantry. More than half the book is devoted to composition, and the advice on the choice and combination of words, the use of figurative language, etc., is eminently sensible. The remainder is given to hints about books and reading, and is equally judicious. Here and there we might differ with Mr. Knowles concerning certain authors and books, but on these points probably no two authors or critics would be entirely in accord. (Boston: L. C. Page & Co.)—LADY JACKSON's history of "The Court of the Tuilleries" from the Restoration to the flight of Louis Philippe, makes two pretty volumes of convenient size, bound in dark blue, sprinkled with *fleurs de lys* in gold. Each volume contains eight separately printed portraits, for the most part copied from good engravings or etchings. Thus the portrait of Mme. Campan which serves as frontispiece to the first volume is photo-etched after the etching made by Mercier from a miniature painting, that of Mme. de Staél is from an engraving after Gérard's portrait, and that of Mme. Recamier is after a mezzotint by Ritchie. These reproductions are decidedly better than the average of their kind. (L. C. Page & Co.)



"PASTORAL INFLUENCE in the English Drama," by Horace Smith, Ph.D., instructor in the University of Pennsylvania, is a pamphlet of 106 pages, discussing the nature and sources of the English pastoral drama; the plays affected, but not dominated by the pastoral influence; and the pastoral dramas proper. In the former class are put among others Shakespeare's "As You Like It" and Jonson's "Sad Shepherd;" and in the latter Fletcher's "Faithful Shepherdess," Randolph's "Amyntas," and others. The paper contains much information on the subject, with some keen criticism. (Baltimore: Modern Language Association.)—"THE WAR of the Theatres," by Prof. J. H. Penniman, one of the publications of the University of Pennsylvania (Vol. iv. No. 3), is a critical study of the group of Elizabethan plays connected with the famous quarrel of Jonson and Marston. There are fifteen of these plays, including six of Jonson's (if he wrote a part of "The Spanish Tragedy"), five of Marston's, two of Dekker's, one of uncertain authorship, and Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida," which some critics—on insufficient evidence, in the opinion of Prof. Penniman—believe to be the "purge" referred to in the "Return from Parnassus" as given to Jonson by Shakespeare. No play or character of Shakespeare's can be clearly shown to have any reference to this dramatic quarrel, and the allusion to him in the "Return from Parnassus" seems to us hopelessly inexplicable. (Ginn & Co.)



THE FAMILIAR gold cloth cover of the bound volumes of *The Century* encloses, for the last half of 1897, as varied a mass of reading-matter as is to be found in any of the preceding three

and fifty volumes. Many of the stories and articles given here in full or in their closing chapters have already reappeared in book-form. Such are Dr. Mitchell's *chef d'œuvre*, "Hugh Wynne," Mrs. Catherwood's "Days of Jeanne D'arc" and Mrs. Pope's amusing extravaganza, "Up the Matterhorn in a Boat"; and such Gen. Porter's "Campaigning with Grant" and Gen. Schenck's "Forty-Six Years in the Army." But there is much, also, that has not thus reappeared; and there are innumerable illustrations, some of them up to the highest standard of this magazine which has done so much to develop, foster and improve the art of America. Of these the best are, of course, Cole's engravings from the Old English Masters. St. Gaudens (apropos of the Shaw memorial), Charles Keene and Miss Bessie Potter are the subjects of articles in which art in one or another of its phases is the theme.—While the magazines are, as a rule, bound up in two semi-annual volumes, *St. Nicholas* is supposed to appear in one. It is hard to see why the two separate cloth-covered volumes should be called "parts" instead of volumes, but if the publishers wish it, there is no reason why they should not be humored. So long as they give us so rich a table-of-contents as we find in the two vol—we mean parts!—for 1897, no one will care much what they call them. Here, too, we find many things so good that serial publication was not enough to supply the demand for them—"Master Skylark" for instance, "The Last Three Soldiers" and "Miss Nina Barrow." But we cannot begin to tell the tale of tidbits for the critical palate of youth, served up anew in these two showy dishes. (The Century Co.)



THE devotional booklet called "The Potter's Wheel," by Dr. John Watson, is so different from the tales of the Scotch writer Ian Maclaren, that it might have been better to print his true name, not his pen-name, on the title-page. Books of this kind seem to the unprejudiced onlooker supererogatory; they only repeat again and again what has already been said with equal force and conviction. For the doubter they have no value, because their reasoning is based upon the very faith which the doubter does not possess. Occasionally one of them appeals to all mankind through the universality of its thought; but of such Dr. Watson's book is not. It is illogical, of course, since faith is greater than logic, and the consolation it offers must seem to many but as a stone. In fact, the book is commonplace, without beauties of any kind that cannot be found elsewhere as well. A little over a year ago there was published a little book by an American clergyman, which is as remarkable as Dr. Watson's is unimportant. That booklet, "The Shadow Christ," appeals to all thinking beings—believers, agnostics, atheists; it has thought, it has imagination, it has philosophy, it has faith, hope and charity. What we mean may be best understood by comparing the chapter on Job in that booklet with Dr. Watson's on "Perplexing Provocations." (Dodd, Mead & Co.)



"THE DISTRICT SCHOOL AS IT WAS," by the Rev. Warren Burton, has been reprinted—an honor it well deserved. Originally published in 1833, this entertaining account of the author's early education, which began in 1804 and ended in 1818, gradually dropped from sight, although more than one edition was called for on its first appearance. We find here the blind old method of memorizing and all the other defective methods of education in the beginning of this century; we also find the different teachers, most of them blissfully unaware of their own unfitness, walking in the ways their predecessors had followed, and ranging from sympathetic mentors to sullen tyrants. It is interesting to study the remarkable system of education in vogue at the time, and to compare it with the theory and practice of today, although in our public schools the latter is not always equal to the former. The book, which closes with the author's "Supplication to the People of the United States" in regard to certain mispronunciations, and with a series of amusing pages from old spellers, has been edited by Clifton Johnson. The illustrations are cuts from old spellers and other books of the period. The Rev. Mr. Burton, be it added, was born at Wilton, N. H., in 1800, and died at Salem, Mass., in 1866. He himself taught school for several terms, and was ordained a Unitarian minister in 1828, holding pulpits in Washington, Keene and Nashua, N. H., and Hingham, Waltham, Worcester and Boston, Mass. As a picture of child-life in the early days of the Republic his book has an enduring value. (Lee & Shepard.)

Rhyme of Rhymes

(Longman's Magazine)

WILD on the mountain peak the wind
Repeats its old refrain,
Like ghosts of mortals who have sinned,
And fain would sin again.

For 'wind' I do not rhyme to 'mind,'
Like many mortal men.
'Again' (when one reflects) 'twere kind
To rhyme as if 'agen.'

I never met a single soul
Who spoke of 'wind' as 'wined,'
And yet we use it, on the whole,
To rhyme to 'find' and 'blind.'

We say, 'Now don't do that agen,'
When people give us pain;
In poetry, nine times in ten,
In rhymes to 'Spain' or 'Dane.'

Oh, which is wrong or which is right?
Oh, which is right or wrong?
The sounds in prose familiar, quite,
Or those we meet in song?

To hold that 'love' can rhyme to 'prove'
Requires some force of will,
Yet in the ancient lyric groove
We meet them rhyming still.

This was our learned fathers' wont
In prehistoric times.
We follow it, or if we don't,
We oft run short of rhymes.

ANDREW LANG.

The Lounger

JUST HOW MUCH of a popular success Mr. Laurence Irving's play, "Peter the Great," has made at the Lyceum Theatre, London, it is hard to say. From the many criticisms I have read, I judge that there is a great deal of strength and some weakness in the play, and that it gives Sir Henry Irving an opportunity for strong and picturesque acting. The greatest fault of the play seems to be its gloominess. The only relief to this is the bit of humor furnished by Miss Terry, who makes of the Empress Catherine a sort of Russian Sans-Gêne. My readers will be interested in the success of two Americans in Sir Henry's company—Mr. Robert Taber and Miss Ethel Barrymore, whose engagement to the young playwright, Mr. Laurence Irving, has just been announced. Of the former, *The Daily Chronicle* says:—"Mr. Robert Taber is a decided acquisition to the company. He speaks and bears himself well, and has the gift of indicating more than he is permitted to say. His success as Alexis was the more marked for the reason that the ill-fated Tsarevitch virtually maintains the same demeanor throughout—that of a man who knows he is being hunted to death and has not the strength of will to face his foes."



IRVING AS PETER THE GREAT



MISS TERRY AS CATHERINE (ACT I.)

THE CRITIC of *The Daily Mail* is even more complimentary:

"The finest work was contributed by Mr. Robert Taber, a newcomer from America. Curiously reminiscent of Mr. Hermann Vezin of twenty years ago, he instantly awakened interest in Alexis by a quiet intensity and the crystal clear conception of a most complex and difficult part. A more striking and original performance has not been seen in London for many a day."

THE NEW YEAR'S *Youth's Companion* has reason to be proud of itself. Its *pièce de résistance* is an article on Arthur Henry Hallam by his friend and admirer, the Right Hon. William E. Gladstone. It was in the summer of 1896 that Mr. Rideing told me, in London, that he had just secured, during a visit at Hawarden, an article by Mr. Gladstone. He did not tell me what the article was, but I knew by the expression of his eye that he was pretty well pleased. The paper is all that one would expect from a man of Mr. Gladstone's character. It is dignified and enthusiastic. A man who has such tributes as this and Tennyson's most famous poem to keep his memory green, must have indeed been exceptional. "He resembled," says Mr. Gladstone, "a passing emanation from some other and less darkly checkered world."

A FITTING COMPANION to the paper on Hallam is one on "Gladstone at Eighty-eight," by Mr. Rideing. In the latter Mr. Gladstone is reported to have said, apropos of international copyright:—"What should it matter where a book is printed? A book is made in the head." Mr. Rideing reports Mr. Gladstone as being unmatched in history, by any man of his age, in physical or mental vigor. His figure has "lost some of its unbending strength" and his eyes have grown "pale and dim," but except for these drawbacks, he preserves to a degree that amazes one the qualities of his prime. No matter how one may differ from Mr. Gladstone in politics, one cannot but think that he was well named when called the Grand Old Man.

IT IS NOT generally known that Mr. Gladstone at an early period in his career was the founder of a colony in North Australia, yet such was the case. Nothing remains of this colony to-day but the town of Gladstone, which was to have been its metropolis, and a book, the history of "The Gladstone Colony," by Mr. J. F. Hogan, M. P., of which Mr. T. Fisher Unwin is the publisher.

IT IS INTERESTING to read some of the versions of Omar's quatrains, just to see how immeasurably FitzGerald o'erstoppable them all. Here is the prose of one quatrain, done by Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy:—"Give me a flagon of red wine, a book of verses, a loaf of bread and a little idleness. If with such store I might sit by thy dear side in some lonely place, I should deem myself happier than a king in his kingdom." Then comes Whinfield, who puts it into literal rhyme:—

"Give me a skin of wine, a crust of bread,
A pittance bare, a book of verse to read;
With thee, O love to share my lowly roof,
I would not take the Sultan's realm instead."

Then comes Mr. Le Gallienne, who sees FitzGerald and goes him several worse:—

"O come, my love, the spring is in the land!
Take wine, and bread, and book of verse in hand,
And sit with me and sing in the green shade.
Green little home amid the desert sand."

And last of all FitzGerald himself, who alone shows real inspiration:—

"Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough,
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
And Wilderness is Paradise enow."

But even FitzGerald improved upon himself in the fourth edition of his immortal work:—

"A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!"

Let the Le Galliennes disport themselves with FitzGerald's verse.

"the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep."



MOVED by the announcement that instead of breaking a bottle of wine over the bow of the Japanese warship Kasagi, launched at the Cramps' shipyard on Thursday, Miss Long, daughter of the Secretary of the Navy, would loose a white pigeon, a well-known poet sends me this graceful quatrain:—

O Land of the Isles in the ocean afar,
O lovers of symbol—of Beauty, of Worship, of Love!
The symbol we choose you (launching a strong ship of war):
A maid shall release to you Peace in the form of a dove.



M. ZOLA has the courage of his convictions, if ever a man had. By his open letter to President Faure, in the *Aurore*, denouncing the French army as corrupt and the persecution of the Jewish officer Dreyfus as malicious and disingenuous, he has flung himself in the face of an enraged nation, always afraid of being betrayed, and periodically infuriated by the prosperity of the Jews. What will be the upshot of the Government's acceptance of his challenge to prosecute him, no one can tell. It is believed that public opinion, now expressing itself in riots in Paris and elsewhere, would approve the imprisonment of the famous author. The writing of the open letter that has stirred up a nation of hornets, followed by only a few weeks the delivery of M. Zola's address at the grave of Daudet, published in this week's *Critic*. Nothing could be less alike than the two compositions.



Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

What we Know of the Life of Shakespeare and Contemporaries Authors.—The Baconian heretics lay much stress on the fact that we know so little of the life of Shakespeare, and many intelligent people (like a New York correspondent to whom I have devoted another note) appear to think that there is something exceptional in this. I do not know that any writer on the Baconian delusion or on the life of Shakespeare has taken the trouble to show that it is by no means exceptional. The biographies of the great majority of literary men of that time, especially the dramatists, are as meagre as Shakespeare's.

In the latest sketch of the lives of Beaumont and Fletcher (in the excellent "Mermaid Series"), the first sentence is:—"Beaumont and Fletcher, though not of obscure origin, like the greater number of their fellow dramatists, yet afford no exception to the general rule in the obscurity that surrounds their lives. Those who desire to see all the information that can be collected concerning either poet" are referred to Mr. Dyer's introduction to his edition of their works.

The volume of the same series devoted to Webster and Tourneur begins thus:—"Nothing is known about the lives of John Webster and Cyril Tourneur. We are ignorant where they were born and where they died," etc. The reader can look up for himself the history of Marlowe, Massinger, Middleton, and others; and he will find the record much the same.

This is true also of other great authors than dramatists. Prof. Hales begins his introduction to the "Globe" edition of Spenser thus:—"The life of Spenser is wrapt in a similar obscurity to that which hides from us his great predecessor Chaucer, and his still greater contemporary Shakespeare. As in the case of Chaucer, our principal external authorities are a few meagre entries in official documents, and such facts as may be gathered from his works. The birth-year of each poet is determined by inference. The circumstances in which each died are a matter of controversy. What sure information we have of the intervening events of the life of each one is scanty and interrupted."

The space allowed me here forbids further illustrations, but, as I have intimated, the reader can find plenty of them for himself. If he does not find that this ignorance concerning the lives of literary men in the Elizabethan age is the rule, and not the exception, I shall be happy to hear from him. If I am right, it follows that no argument as to the authenticity of the works of Shakespeare can be based upon the lack of information concerning the man. Even if the similar instances I have given were exceptional, the fact that the men wrote the works ascribed to them is not disputed (except by the few "cranks" who tell us that Bacon was the author of many other plays and poems of the time besides Shakespeare's), and there can be no good reason why Shakespeare should be made an exception to the exception.

The Baconians also make a point of the facts that no manuscripts of Shakespeare's are in existence, and that so few references to his personality (aside from his works) are to be found in historical and other literature of the time; but it could easily be shown, if my limits allowed, that these facts are no more exceptional than the one which I have taken as the subject of this note.

Fiction

THE stories contained in Octave Thanet's "Book of True Lovers" deal with conjugal affection, not with the passion of youth. Their scene is laid in the region which the author has made her own, and their surroundings are humble, with the exception of the case of Sir Guy the Neuter. Originally published in divers periodicals, the tales fulfilled their mission when printed there. Neither their treatment nor the instances quoted are particularly deserving of a permanent form. Surely, the author might have told of married love in a stronger, more moving way: "The Captured Dream" comes very near what such a story should be. However, she informs us that she tells her readers of "the joys and sorrows, the adventures and misadventures of divers true lovers" she has known, and opines that marriage "is as a fire or an iresful acid, releasing all the volatile and unsubstantial elements of love, and leaving only the pure gold of the heart." She has an attractive subject, and a right to pursue her inquiries. Perhaps she will meet other couples whose experiences are better worth telling. (Way & Williams.)

HOW LONG "Lorraine" will remain Mr. Robert W. Chambers's latest book, we do not care to say, since that young writer's imagination is as prolific as it is extravagant. This time he has turned out, not a bundle of short stories, but a novel, the title whereof has a double meaning, like "The Heart of Maryland," Lorraine during the German invasion of 1870 being the scene of the story, and also the name of its heroine. We have ere now expressed our conviction that Mr. Chambers can do much better work than he is turning out, and entreat him to have some regard for the axiom that in art quality is always preferred to quantity. By this we do not mean to say that "Lorraine" is not readable; on the contrary, it is interesting from first page to last; but Mr. Chambers does so well, that the conclusion that he can do very much better if he will only take time and infinite pains is unavoidable and undeniable. He has the power to produce something better than nightmares in short stories and ephemeral novels; perhaps he can be persuaded some time to do his best. As to "Lorraine," it contains French, German, American and English men and women, love and war, hatred of the Germans, and especially of their Uhlans, and a moderately happy ending. (Harper & Bros.)

DR. W. J. DAWSON'S "Thro' Lattice Windows" contains, according to its publishers, "a picture of English village life—character sketches which for their intimacy, realism, sympathy and fine feeling are as remarkable as any product of the so-called Scotch school, without the difficult dialect." This pronouncement needs modification. The stories are remarkable for nothing in particular; they not only lack the "difficult Scotch dialect," but also several of the good qualities claimed for them. The book belongs to that ever-growing class which does neither good nor harm, leaving no impression of any kind, because its merits are too few and its faults not enough in number to distinguish it from scores of others. The book is dedicated, with a great flourish, to Dr. Robertson Nicoll—that friendly and encouraging Scotchman, whose "generosity in criticism" our author warmly praises. We do not say that "Thro' Lattice Windows" is unreadable; we only state that he who leaves it unread loses nothing. The comparison invited by the publishers brings home vividly to the reader the many good reasons, artistic and sentimental, why the Scottish school has conquered so readily a reading public wherever English is read. (Doubleday & McClure Co.)

MR. W. W. JACOBS won recognition with "Many Cargoes." His recent volume, "The Skipper's Wooing, and The Brown Man's Servant," will worthily rank beside it. The first of these two stories is deliciously humorous, the plot being not unworthy of Mr. Stockton. The captain, mate, cook, two sailors and cabin boy of the little coaster Seamew of London furnish hearty, spontaneous fun from first page to last, Mr. Jacobs's intimate knowledge of those who follow the ocean even in a coastwise vessel endearing him to all who have ever studied the lives and habits of those who go down to the deep sea, and convincing the innocent landlubber. The second tale is gruesome, but readable. Mr. Jacobs may be sure of a grateful public if in his subsequent books—may their number be legion—he keeps up the happy spirit which has so easily won for him a place among the writers who are sure of attention whenever they speak. (F. A. Stokes Co.)

THE AUTHOR OF "An Enemy to the King" has reversed the usual order of things by turning his successful play into a novel. The story smacks very strongly of "The Three Musketeers," which is praise, of course, not blame; but the hand of R. N. Stephens is not the hand of Alexandre Dumas. Those who love chivalry, fighting and intrigue, however, will find full measure thereof, and of good quality, in this book. (Boston: L. C. Page & Co.)

BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD'S "Seven on the Highway" is good enough in its way, but that way is not the author's best. The German stamp is very strong upon these seven stories—especially the first one, "Marigold-Michel," which may be acceptable to the dreamy Teuton, but will be far from convincing to the sober Anglo-Saxon. The last story, "All Sails Spread for Monkey Land," is a rather weak satire on modern society, the embarrassing questions being asked by a visiting cherub of a successful minor poet who has been invited to a court function. Kings, ministers of state, warriors, damsels of high degree—all are pitilessly exposed by the heavenly visitor, who can discern

no advancement in the race since it lived in caves and fought with clubs, nor even since its still earlier ancestors lived on tree-tops and cocoanuts. The latter statement, by the way, corroborates the theory ascribed to Darwin, who never advanced it, that we are descended from apes. By far the best thing in the book is "No Continuing City." It stands out like a pearl of price among the rest of the contents, and may be taken by those who have no time or inclination to study the modern school of German story-tellers—the school of Heinz Tovote—as a brilliant example of its aims and methods. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Peary's Ship and Andree's Balloon

The Daily Chronicle of London has published an interesting interview with Capt. Brown of the Windward, who brought Jackson and Nansen home from the frozen North. He is an experienced sailor, and knows the Polar Seas as well as a pilot knows the English Channel. As it is the Windward that will carry Lieut. Peary on his next voyage—thanks to the generosity of Mr. Alfred C. Harmsworth—American readers will be interested in Capt. Brown and his theories as to his prospect of reaching the Pole. In answer to a question put by the *Chronicle* representative he said:—

"It has been shown by Mr. Jackson that Franz Josef Land is an archipelago of islands, not solid land running towards the Pole. No road here! Nansen, again, has proved that a current sweeps across the Polar area. Peary favored this theory when I first met him, that being in the Arctic. Well, my judgment is that, with our present means of locomotion, the idea which Nansen followed is the one most likely to yield success."

"How would you express it?"

"Work with nature. He put off from the west side of the Siberian Islands. He wished, however, to start from the east side, and I should aim strongly at that. Then, your drift would take you more directly across the Pole."

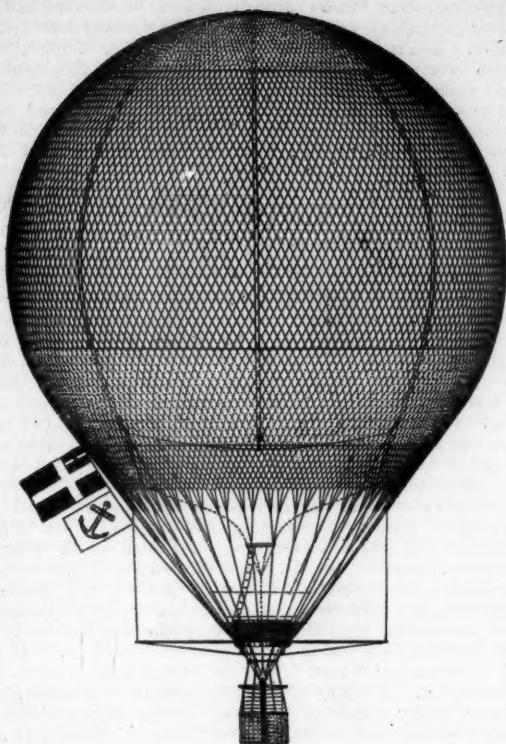
"Which some day, no doubt, will be discovered?"

"Surely. If not by this generation, then by another, when fresh means of locomotion have been devised."

The picture of Andree's balloon reproduced herewith is reduced from an engraving five or six times as large, which has been distributed widely by foreign governments in those Arctic and sub-Arctic regions wherein it is considered likely the daring explorer may alight. The United States Government has declined to aid in the distribution of the circular, having no means available for the purpose, but the Geographic Society of the Pacific has sent it broadcast throughout Bering Sea, in Alaska, and elsewhere, by whalers, traders and Indians. Prof. Nordenskjold, the



THE WINDWARD



ANDRÉE'S POLAR BALLOON

Arctic explorer, has informed the Swedish Academy of Science that the Foreign Office has received intelligence that several persons worthy of credence claim to have seen Andréé's balloon early in August, in British Columbia, seven miles north of Quesnelle Lake, in the district of Cariboo. He regards the news as of sufficient importance to call for investigation.

Mr. Lang's Forty Immortals

MR. ANDREW LANG, not to be outdone by *The Academy*, names in *Longman's Magazine* a group of Forty Immortals of his own choosing. They are as follows:—

Mr. Gladstone	Sir W. Crookes	Mr. Francis Galton
Dean Farrar	Lord Kelvin	Dr. Fairbairn
Bishop of Ripon	Sir Robert Ball	Mr. Alfred Austin
Bishop of London	Mr. Robert Bridges	Mr. Swinburne
Bishop of Chester	Mr. S. R. Gardiner	Mr. Lecky
Mr. Ruskin	Mr. E. B. Tylor	Mr. Thomas Hardy
Lord Acton	Macchalean Mohr	Mr. Morley
Prof. Masson	Mr. James Knowles	Mr. Max Müller
Prof. Butcher	Mr. Herbert Spencer	Sir George Trevelyan
Prof. Bryce	Sir Henry Irving	Mr. A. J. Balfour
Prof. Jebb	Mr. George Meredith	Prof. Sidgwick.
Prof. Mahaffy	Mr. Leslie Stephen	Mr. Frederic Harrison
Prof. Courthope	Dr. J. H. Murray	
Lord Rayleigh	Mr. Binning Monro	

These gentlemen are not named because they are literary, or because they are immortal, but largely, Mr. Lang hints, because they would be good at electioneering in their own behalf, as French candidates for the *fauteuils* do.

The Academy, says Mr. Lang, "would consist of these names, or of a list very like this. Where, my impetuous young literary friends, are your lions of the interview, and the advertisement, and the paragraph? They are not in it, and would not be in it. There is not one literary gent in the Forty, unless Mr. Stephen and Mr. Harrison may accept that title. There are only two or three writers whose books have any kind of popularity. Now, if we had an Academy in England, angry passions would arise in popular and other breasts. Unkind things would be written every day about my Immortals, and about whomsoever they chose to fill a vacant place. He would be a cleric, a professor, a peer,

or a scientific character; he would never be a creation of 'booms' and puffs, never an idol of the circulating libraries, or a pillar of the six-shilling novel at the bookstalls. I do not say that popular novelists and minor poets in limited editions always deserve exclusion. Very far from it. There are pleasant writers in the French Academy—M. Anatole France and M. Jules Lemaitre, for example—but they would have rather less chance in our country. My list, I repeat, is not that which I would make to suit my private taste, and ladies are omitted in deference to French precedent.

" Of one thing I am certain: an English Academy would not lend a breath of favoring gale to many of the writers whose names, like patent soaps and fountain pens, and, for the same reason, are most familiar to 'the reading public.' Nonconformist, dissenting, unofficial academies would have to be got up for the benefit of these persons of genius. Everything would be jealousy and envy; and then imagine the pleasure of going canvassing! I think of presenting myself, for instance, before Lord Kelvin—or Mr. Max Müller—or a bishop, unless he were an old friend of unregenerate days. Long-haired poets would get little encouragement out of Mr. Herbert Spencer, and the clergy would soon dispose of your emancipated novelists. Mr. Henley soliciting the vote and interest of a bishop would be an example of unappreciated greatness. Many of the academicians would never have heard the names of the literary candidates. Then the books that would be *couronnés*—the literary gentleman would never have heard of them. In brief, an academy does not exist in the interests of what the public calls literature, but in the interests of learning, research, science, style and such trifles. The French Academy has refused to sit in judgment on music-hall songs and assign a prize to the best. Thus do they regard their austere duties."

The Passing of "Garden and Forest"

THE FACT that *Garden and Forest* has died is a public misfortune. Its literary excellence made it pleasant reading for any one who chanced upon it. Its scientific and artistic competence made it invaluable to all who cared for the important subjects with which it dealt—forestry, horticulture, and landscape-gardening. And it was recognized by other journals throughout the country as a safe and inspiring guide in their treatment of these matters. But the public did not support it, and so, after ten years of useful and honored but not financially successful existence, it has died. There is nothing to take its place, as there had been nothing to fill that place, even partially, since Andrew J. Downing's *Horticulturalist* came to an end with his own untimely death in 1852.

It cannot be supposed that such a journal was started with commercial profit in view. Two horticultural journals of a high class have long existed in England, and are valuable to their owners as well as to the public. But conditions are different here. The weekly editions of our chief daily papers furnish much horticultural information; trade journals and professional journals of a lower type than *Garden and Forest* supplement them; and the local papers and "patent insides" all over the country are quick to draw such information from their betters as they think their readers demand. Thus the possible circulation of a journal like *Garden and Forest* is cut down, and more and more in proportion as the public grows interested in its themes. Nevertheless, it should have won pecuniary support sufficient to cover its expenses, as well as honor and influence; and its founder and conductor, Prof. Charles S. Sargent of Harvard University, and his acting editor, the late Park Commissioner, Mr. William A. Stiles, deserved a clearer reward than they received.

They have, however, been rewarded in less tangible ways. It cannot be doubted that the great cause of forest preservation has profited vastly by their efforts. Even now the nation is very far from realizing its importance. But it has made unmistakable steps in that direction—steps which could not have been made but for the constant, plain, and insistent setting-forth of vital facts, which, as first published in *Garden and Forest*, filtered through the press in almost every state. It is the same with landscape-gardening and the right treatment of public parks. And in regard to horticulture, as the organ and mouth-piece of the creator and guardian of the Arnold Arboretum, the journal has given this institution national and international fame and usefulness.

It is a public misfortune that its influence in all these directions should have ceased; but it will bear fruit even now that it is in its grave. Many must have been inspired by it to think and to

act for the public good; and its ten handsome volumes will long be regarded as a storehouse of wise principles, accurate facts, and inspiring ideas not elsewhere to be found. Mr. Stiles has gone to find, in another world, his reward for the public service he rendered in this and in many other ways. To Prof. Sargent alone the community can address its thanks for his long and devoted support of a paper which the public it benefitted did not support; its sympathy in the disappointment he must feel at the demise of a paper which he must have loved as one loves only those things for which one diligently labors; and its congratulations that, nevertheless, many other avenues are open to him along which he can prosecute his invaluable work for the preservation of the forests of our country and the development of our artistic conscience.

Mrs. Mary Cowden-Clarke

A LITTLE MORE than a year ago I wrote a long review of Mrs. Cowden-Clarke's "My Long Life" (see *The Critic* of Nov. 28, 1896, page 344), and now that long life of more than eighty-eight and a half years has ended. The venerable lady died at the Villa Novello, in Genoa, Italy, on Thursday, the 13th of January. The telegraphic report gives no further particulars. The last note I received from her (quoted in *The Critic* of 31 July) was written on the 28th of June, 1897, when she reported herself as "fairly well." I mourn her loss as that of a dear personal friend, though I had met her face to face only once during our acquaintance of nearly thirty years; and I have not the heart now to add anything to the tribute I paid her in the review mentioned above.

Besides the Shakesperian Concordance, published in 1845, Mrs. Cowden-Clarke wrote "The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines" (1845, often reprinted in England and America); "The Iron Cousin," a novel (1854); "A Rambling Story," a novel (1874); "The Trust and the Remittance," two love stories in verse (1873); "Kit Bam's Adventures, or the Yarns of an Old Mariner" (1849); "World-Noted Women" (1857); "The Life and Labors of Vincent Novello" (1862); "The Song of Drop o' Wather," a parody on "Hiawatha" (1856); "Shakespearean Proverbs" (1848); "Honey from the Weed," a book of verse (1881); "Verse-Waifs" (1883); "A Score of Sonnets to One Object," tributes to her husband (1884); "Centennial Biographic Sketch of Charles Cowden-Clarke" (1887); "Memorial Sonnets" (1888); "My Long Life" (1896). She also edited an edition of Shakespeare in 1860, and other editions, in connection with her husband, in 1864 and 1869, the latter being copiously annotated—one of the best of the standard editions. With him she also compiled "The Shakespeare Key" (1879), an octavo volume of more than 800 pages, intended as a companion to the Concordance for students and teachers—a book not so well-known in this country as it deserves to be. The "Recollections of Writers" (1878), a very entertaining volume, was also the joint work of husband and wife. Mrs. Cowden-Clarke's contributions to periodicals, English and American, were too many to be enumerated here. Among them may be mentioned "Minnie's Musings" and other stories in verse (*All the Year Round*, 1866, 1867, 1868); "An Italian Rain-Storm" (*Atlantic*, 1866); "Nine Shakespeare Studies of Woman" (*Ladies' Companion*, 1864); "Ten Essays on Shakespeare's Individuality in His Characters" (*Sharpe's London Magazine*, 1851); "Six Essays on the Women of the Writers"—Chaucer, Spenser, Cervantes, etc. (*Ladies' Companion*, 1851); "Leigh Hunt" (*Century*, 1882); and frequent papers on Shakespearian and other topics in the *British Journal*, *Monthly Chronicle*, *Temple Bar*, *Athenaeum*, *People's Journal*, *Musical Times*, etc., between 1841 and 1887. W. J. R.

The Stevenson Memorial

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Enclosed I hand you a memorandum of the receipts and disbursements to Jan. 5, of the American Committee of the Robert Louis Stevenson Memorial Fund.

Total Receipts to date.....	\$1,394.20
Disbursements:	
Postage.....	\$141.00
Stationery.....	73.33
Salary of Secretary.....	50.00
	264.33
Balance on hand.....	\$1,129.87

No doubt some further subscriptions will be received and some further expenditures will be necessary. Nothing has yet been paid on account of the special edition of "Aes Triplex," to be sent to subscribers of \$10 or over. There will be also some other slight expenses. As a net result it seems clear that we shall be able to send to the Edinburgh Committee two hundred pounds sterling or more, as the American subscription to the Fund. We shall make our report to the Edinburgh Committee and send this remittance early in February.

CHARLES FAIRCHILD, CHAIRMAN.
38 UNION SQUARE, 8 Jan. 1898.

Fine Arts

American Paintings at the Union League Club

A WELL-SELECTED loan collection of paintings by American artists, mostly living, was shown at the art gallery of the Union League Club from Jan. 13 to Jan. 15. Though small, it was varied, and no one school or set was over-represented. Indeed, if it had been a little less catholic it might have been more pleasing as an exhibition; for it is not easy for the spectator to accept at the same time half a dozen different sets of conventions and to see in half a dozen different ways. So far as was possible, however, the pictures were so hung as to minimize the discords that resulted from bringing together in one small gallery such bold and effective painting in cold grays and purples as Mr. Winslow Homer's "The Light on the Sea," and such warm color and delicate workmanship as Mr. Samuel Colman's "A Dutch Farm" contained. Mr. Abbott H. Thayer's "Among the Blossoms" shows that that persevering artist has not yet quite attained his aim to model flesh with the square touch abhorred of Watts and Rossetti. But he is visibly drawing nearer his goal. Mr. John H. Twachtman's "Winter" has, we hope, found an owner who appreciates it. It is a delightful little idyl, and worth many acres of more showy painting. Another poetically conceived and simply executed work is Mr. Horatio Walker's "Woodman After the Rain," a vista through a leafless forest, with a clearing sky beyond, and, on the edge of the wood, a laborer with his load of logs. The late Homer D. Martin's "Source of the Hudson" and Alexander H. Wyant's "Landscape" are pleasing specimens of an older school. While the best work was very decidedly in landscape, there were good figure pieces by Mr. Douglas Volk, Mr. Louis Moeller and Mr. Edwin A. Abbey.

Art Notes

ALONG the exhibitions of portraits for which the season has been remarkable must be reckoned that of recently executed works by M. Raimundo de Madrazo, now open at Oehme's gallery. This is particularly timely, as several of the painter's earlier works will be shown at the exhibition and sale of the Stewart collection later in the month, and there will be much interest in comparing these spirited *genre* pieces with the more careful and conscientious work which he puts into his portraits. Among the latter, the subjects of which are best known to New Yorkers are those of Mr. F. W. Roebling, Mrs. James A. Garland, Jr., Miss Jennings, Dr. W. M. Polk, and Miss Schermerhorn.

—Some portraits in pastels by Mr. Sergeant Kendall, shown at the Macbeth Gallery, include clever and lifelike presentations of the well-known designer and decorative painter, Mr. Elihu Vedder, the water-colorist, Mr. George H. Clements, and the impressionist painter, Mr. August Franzén. Capt. Mahan, looking much more the literary man than the sailor; Mr. Joseph H. Choate and Dr. Charles McBurney have also been among Mr. Kendall's sitters. Some of the portraits are wanting in precision and refinement, but not those we have named.

Notes

PRINCE KROPOTKIN is engaged in the preparation of his reminiscences, which will begin in an early number of *The Atlantic Monthly*. These reminiscences, it is believed, will be among the most interesting publications of the sort that have appeared for many years, for the reason that few men have had so interesting and adventurous a career. Born and reared almost in the household of the Czar, he achieved distinction as a scientific student. Becoming involved in the revolutionary movements in Russia, his property was confiscated, and he was imprisoned in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul in St. Petersburg. After

long imprisonment he escaped under most thrilling circumstances, and continued to preach revolution in Switzerland and later in France, where he was again imprisoned. Latterly he has resided in England, where he has written much in favor of his social and political theories. At present he is in this country.

The League of Parents and Teachers, with the co-operation of Dean Smith, of Barnard, has issued invitations to the various women's colleges for a conference to be held on January 22. The subject for consideration will be "The Uniformity of Entrance Requirements." Reports will be heard from delegates from preparatory schools, and from representatives of the leading colleges. There will be present—Pres. Taylor of Vassar, Pres. Irvine of Wellesley, Dean Snow of Pembroke, Dean Irwin of Radcliffe, Dean Smith of Barnard and Prof. Jordan of Smith. The first meeting will be at 10.30 A. M., after which all the delegates will be entertained at a luncheon by the New York members. This will be followed by a concluding conference at three in the afternoon.

"To the enterprise and industry of Mr. C. M. Falconer of Dundee," says *The Academy*, "is due the 'Catalogue of a Lang Library'; which does not mean a library conspicuous for length, but one consisting entirely of the works of Mr. Andrew Lang. For ten years has Mr. Falconer worked, and he now has a list mentioning 658 volumes, in which, in some capacity or other, Mr. Lang figures. Think of it, think of the industry it implies—and Mr. Lang was once called the Divine Amateur! The divisions of the Catalogue are five: books written by Mr. Lang alone; books written in collaboration with others; books edited or prefaced by Mr. Lang; books and magazines containing contributions by Mr. Lang; volumes containing Mr. Lang's poems."

Prof. William Coolidge Lane has been appointed to succeed the late Justin Winsor as librarian at Harvard University. Prof. Lane was once Mr. Winsor's assistant at Harvard, and later was appointed librarian of the Boston Athenæum.

Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins sailed for England on Saturday last. To a *Tribune* reporter he said just before sailing—"I have spent a very pleasant and profitable three months in America, and I hope to return some day, but just when I do not know at present. I am going now to my home in London, and then in the spring I shall go to Scotland. I have no book in press, and I am not at present writing a book. I have been handsomely treated both in the United States and Canada, and shall look back with much pleasure upon my experiences here." At the same time, we learn from England that Messrs. Methuen will have ready early in the spring a story by Mr. Hope entitled "Simon Dale."

They gave Anthony Hope a reception in Indianapolis the other afternoon, and he was kept busy making replies to enthusiastic women admirers. One woman said: "I am very happy to meet you, I've heard a great deal about you and your books, but I've never read any of them." "You have not lost anything, madam," said he. "I'm very happy to meet you," said a bright girl, "but I'm so sorry that you don't like women." "How do you know I do not like women?" "Oh, because I saw it in the paper this morning." "The article was not signed, was it?" asked Mr. Hawkins. "I am very glad of the opportunity to meet you this afternoon, Mr. Hawkins," said a married lady, "because I have an engagement and cannot go to hear you to-night. I've read your stories." "Then I will not spoil any good impression you may have formed of the stories." "Oh, I wanted to have the impression strengthened," and after she walked away she said to her friend, "I wonder if that last speech of mine was complimentary." "You are not half as old-looking as I thought you would be," said another. "I thought that you had white hair." "I am sorry to disappoint you, madam," said he. "What stories are you going to read from to-night, Mr. Hope?" The author told the questioner "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "The Dolly Dialogues." "I wish you were going to read something else, for those are the only stories I have read of yours," said she. "How do you do Mr. Hope? I'm glad to see you. The chambermaid at the hotel this morning said we had a distinguished guest on our floor," was the salutation of another guest. Still another said: "Oh, Mr. Hope, I have been trying to think up something for two weeks to say to you, and now I have forgotten what it was."

During 1897 the number of books published in England was 7,926, an increase of 1,353 over 1896. Of this total, says *The Publisher's Circular*, 6,244 were new books, and 1,682 new editions. Nansen's "Farthest North" was one of the greatest successes, the greatest among books of travel, while the *Life of Tennyson* led the biographies. Following close upon the heels of this came Capt. Mahan's "Life of Nelson" which "was at once hailed as the standard work on its subject, and its reception in England was certainly none the less warm because it happened to be written by a foreigner."

Mr. Balfour's recent address on the subject of novel writing, delivered at Edinburgh, has exasperated Mr. William Black, who answers him back through the columns of *The Scotsman*. Mr. Balfour spoke, says Mr. Black, of "the obvious difficulty which novelists now find in getting hold of appropriate subjects for their art to deal with"; and again he said, with doubtful grammar, "Where, gentlemen, is the novelist to find a new vein? Every country has been ransacked to obtain theatres on which their imaginary characters are to show themselves off," and so forth. Mr. Balfour may reassure himself. So long as the world holds two men and a maid, or two maids and a man, the novelist has abundance of material, and there is no need to search for a 'theatre' while we have around us the imperishable theatre of the sea and the sky and the hills. If Mr. Balfour cannot master these simple and elementary propositions, then it would be well for him to remain altogether outside the domain of literature, and to busy himself (when not engaged in party politics) with some more recondite subject—say, bimetallism."

At the end of the Ashburnham library sale, Messrs. Sotheby offered in one lot three Scottish MSS. known as the Arbutnott Missal, Horæ and Psalter, written in 1482-91 for the Sir Robert Arbutnott of the period, by his chaplain, James Sibbald. The Missal is the only one of Scottish Use now extant, and is, consequently, a monument of high historic interest and value. These MSS. were purchased by a Glasgow bookseller for £200.

The sale of the Ashburnham Library just closed realized £18,649. 9s. Among the highest prices paid were for Raoul Le Fevre's "Boke of the Hoole Lyf of Jason," translated and printed by Caxton at Westminster, about 1477—£2,100. ; the "Recueil des Histories of Troye," printed by Caxton abroad about 1472-74—£90. . This copy wants forty leaves. Messrs. Sotheby state that the Earl of Jersey's was the only perfect copy known. A third Caxton was the French version of the foregoing, "Le Recueil des Histoires des Troyes," composed "par venerable homme raoul le fevre prestre chappelain de mon tresredoublé Seigneur le Duc de Phelippe de bourgoinne," and printed by Caxton abroad about 1476, wanting thirty-three leaves—£600. René Goulaine Laudoniére, "A Notable Histoire," translated out of the French by Richard Hakluyt, and with the arms of Sir W. Raleigh—£300.

Mme. Sarah Grand is said to have denied the authorship of the famous letter to *The Daily Telegraph*.

"Tolstoi's new book on 'Art,'" says the London *Daily Chronicle*, "is one of the most searching and enlightened works of criticism that has for many years proceeded from his pen. It opens with a description of the rehearsal of a modern opera, and proceeds to a minute and utterly destructive analysis of the theories of modern criticism of all kinds of art—musical, dramatic, pictorial. Its conclusions point directly to the inadequacy and worthlessness of the conceptions embodied in them. Tolstoi declares finally for his own ideal. This is directly opposed to the aesthetic theory, which he traces from the Renaissance to modern times, and denounces as a degradation, or, rather, a negation, of Art. His criticism resembles in this respect that of Ruskin and Morris, but it has a more consecutive and historical basis. It is written with the gentle persuasiveness, the sensitive literary touch, and the great moral and critical force which mark Tolstoi's best work." A translation will be issued in England by the Brotherhood Publishing Co. "I have accomplished as well as I could," says Tolstoi, "this work which has occupied me for fifteen years." At his request, Mr. Aylmer Maude has made the English translation.

The London *Spectator* devotes a leading article to Mrs. Hearst's plan for the University of California, which it pronounces, on its face, to be a "grand scheme, reminding one of those famous competitions in Italy, wherein Brunelleschi and Michael Angelo participated. *The Spectator* adds:—"This is a sign of the idealism which, as Lowell said, lay hid in the American character."

A correspondent of *The Evening Post* reports his discovery of the omission of nine consecutive lines in the copy of the Bradford Journal made some forty-two years since, when the original manuscript had been but recently discovered, and published with pride by the Massachusetts Historical Society. Nothing can compare for accuracy with a photographic reproduction, and it is this fact that gives such unusual value to the Stevens "Facsimiles of Documents Relating to America" at the time of the Revolution.

Police Commissioner Avery D. Andrews of New York, whose term has just ended, describes, in *Scribner's* for February, the elaborate machinery which is necessary to poll the vote of Greater New York—not the part that has to do with election officers, but the police control of the whole. To illustrate his description a corps of artists was kept busy on Nov. 2, sketching scenes at the polling-places.

Mr. Edmund Gosse in writing of the late Alphonse Daudet in *The St. James's Gazette*, speaks thus of the romancer's ignorance of things outside of France:—"When he projected a visit to England he took farewell of all his friends before starting on so perilous an Arctic voyage, as if he had been a Franklin or a Nansen. He could not understand a paragraph in an English newspaper. He did not know that a university had ever existed at Oxford. He believed that Mr. H. M. Stanley had been promoted to the Deanery of Westminster as a reward for introducing the Bible into Central Africa. When he learned that we had one living writer of a certain distinction, he insisted on paying him the homage of a visit, and treated Mr. George Meredith with great respect as the second Dickens of an otherwise barbarous Albion."

Messrs. Roberts Bros. are the publishers of "Christina Rossetti, A Biographical and Critical Study," by Mr. Mackenzie Bell. Mr. Bell was an intimate friend of Miss Rossetti and he gives many new incidents concerning her life. He has been fortunate in securing for his book a striking portrait of the poet, painted by James Collinson, and a drawing of her by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, both unpublished. The book will contain a photograph of Christina and her mother, taken in 1863 by the late "Lewis Carroll" as well as many of her letters, which throw on intimate light upon her personality.

A series of fortnightly concerts is being given at the University Settlement in Delancey Street, each of which is crowded to suffocation. The programs are arranged and the musicians furnished by Mrs. Nicholas Fish.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc, son of Madame Belloc, the novelist and friend of George Eliot, has come to America for his second year of lecturing for the Society for the Extension of University Teaching. M. Belloc is a Frenchman by birth who received his training at Balliol College, where he was President of the Oxford Debating Union. After leaving the University he served in the French artillery on the German frontier, and on returning to England was associated with *The Pall Mall Gazette*. He has plunged energetically into University Extension work in England and America. The subject of his courses are "The Crusades," "The French Revolution," "Representative Frenchmen" and "The City of Paris."

The Literary World of London asks, without answering, these questions:—"Why is *The Athenaeum* so reluctant to recognize women authors, and so ready to join in the cheap sneer at them? In its issue for Christmas Day one might at least expect it to unbend from this attitude. But what do we find? In a notice of a 'Dictionary of English Authors' reference is made to the omission of certain male novelists and poets, and then this sentence occurs: 'The absence of some famous females we bear with more equanimity.' Why should an injustice to women be borne with greater equanimity? Is the age of chivalry quite passed?"

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In the January *American Historical Review*, the place of honor is given to an article on the late Justin Winsor, by Prof. Edward Channing of Harvard, who was on terms of intimate friendship and constant association with Mr. Winsor.

The English papers are filled with anecdotes of the late William Terriss, the murdered actor. We quote one from *The Daily Chronicle*:

"A little while ago," says Mr. John Hollingshead, "I was at dinner with a number of friends, when the question arose as to who was the wealthiest actor in London. 'Why, Penley,' hazarded one of the company, thinking, no doubt, of the very large sum which Mr. Penley made out of 'Charley's Aunt.' 'No,' was the answer, 'the richest actor in London is William Terriss.' In support of this statement Mr. Hollingshead said Terriss was connected with a firm of stockbrokers, and had a taste for buying property. He earned good salaries on the stage, and was not a man who lived extravagantly. He was not a giver of dinners, nor was he what is popularly called a society actor. As a matter of fact, I remember that once when he was in the witness box at a trial he was, in the usual form, asked what his occupation was, and he answered, 'Stockbroker.' 'Are you not an actor?' was the next question. 'Yes,' replied Mr. Terriss, 'I'm considered to be one!'"

Cosmopolis announces a second series of letters of John Stuart Mill, also some notes by Coleridge on a German history of comic literature. In French there will appear the letters of Émile Ollivier to Richard Wagner, the correspondence of Marshal Magnan, and the memoirs of Ingres.

The Idler, has just been purchased by Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. It is probable that Mr. H. G. Bromhead will occupy the editorial chair vacated by Mr. Jerome.

The Oxford University Press is about to publish a popular work on "The Odes of Keats" by the Rev. Arthur Cleveland Downer, with memoir and several illustrations, one of which shows the bust of Keats put up in Hempstead Parish Church by American admirers of the poet.

Since Doubleday & McClure Co. have taken over the late Henry George's works they have sold 10,000 copies of "Progress and Poverty." This is since Mr. George's death.

In the December *New World*, Mrs. Louisa Seymour Houghton, discussing "Matthew Arnold and Orthodoxy," takes substantially the same ground held by the late Mr. Beecher, and reckons the great critic among the saints. Prof. C. C. Everett, in his article, "A Reason in Religion," means the humility of reason rather than its pride. "The Paganism of the Young," discussed by Frederick Palmer, shows that the healthy young man is much the same in all ages. The Irish author, S. H. Mellone demands that "Ian Maclaren's Creed" be brought home to life, so as to help us to see what we are sent into this world for, and how this purpose we may best fulfil. There are other able articles in this non-denominational quarterly review.

Publications Received

Arnold, S. L. and C. B. Gilbert. <i>Stepping Stones to Literature: A Third Reader.</i>	Silver, Burdett & Co.
Barbour, A. M. <i>Told in the Rockies.</i>	Rand, McNally & Co.
Brewer, A. T. <i>How to Make the Sunday School Go.</i>	Eaton & Mains.
Brown, John. <i>Parasitic Wealth.</i>	C. H. Kerr & Co.
Carpentier, G. R. <i>Principles of English Grammar.</i>	Macmillan Co.
Charities Directory.	New York: Charity Organization Soc.
Cyr, Ellen M. <i>Children's Fourth Reader.</i>	Ginn & Co.
Dumas, A. <i>Le Chevalier de Maison-Rouge.</i>	Little, Brown & Co.
Dunning, W. A. <i>Essays on the Civil War and Reconstruction.</i>	Macmillan Co.
Durand, E. D. <i>The Finances of New York City.</i>	Macmillan Co.
Genealogical Magazine. No. 9.	J. W. Boulon.
Great Round World. Vol. 2, No. 2.	Great Round World Pub. Co.
Fellows, O. T. <i>Rhymes of Reform.</i>	Pasadena, Cal.: G. A. Swerdfiger.
Hall, Tom. <i>When Love Laughs.</i>	E. R. Herrick & Co.
Hammond, M. B. <i>The Cotton Industry.</i>	Amer. Economic Assoc.
Heilig, F. <i>Komodie auf der Hochschule.</i>	D. C. Heath & Co.
Hubbard, Elbert. <i>Little Journeys to the Homes of American Statesmen: George Washington.</i>	George G. Putnam's Sons.
Joyal, Maurus. "There is no Devil."	Rand, McNally & Co.
Last Horse of the Century: A Political Satire.	Chicago: E. Henninger.
Laupe, F. E. <i>Notes of a Summer Tour among the Indians of the Southwest.</i>	Philadelphia: Indian Rights Assoc.
Muret-Sanders: <i>Encyklopädisches Wörterbuch der Englischen und Deutschen Sprache.</i>	International News Co.
Pearson, H. S. <i>An Introduction to American Literature.</i>	\$1. Henry Holt & Co.
Quante, J. O. <i>Problems in the Psychology of Reading: Psychological Review Supplement.</i>	Macmillan Co.
Ramponi: <i>Growth from a Long-Planted Root.</i> Tr. by George MacDonald.	\$1.75. Longmans, Green & Co.
Reminiscences of William Wetmore Story. Arranged by Mary E. Phillips.	Rand, McNally & Co.
Savage, R. H. <i>In the Shadow of the Pyramids.</i>	Rand, McNally & Co.
Schiller, F. <i>Wilhelm Tell.</i>	Macmillan Co.
Select Documents of United States History: 1776-1861. Ed. by W. Macdonald.	Macmillan Co.
Sermons on the International Sunday-school Lessons for 1898.	Boston: Pilgrim Press.
Shaw, Annie De W. <i>Will, Annie, and I.</i>	New York: L. A. Shidler & Co.
Sidwick, Henry. <i>Practical Ethics.</i>	Macmillan Co.
Worcester, John. <i>Matthew's Gospel.</i>	75c. Boston, Mass.: New Church Union.

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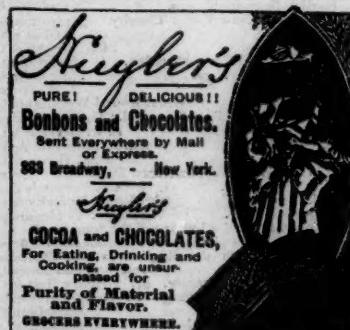
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